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1892
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SAN FRANCISCO VEREIN.

Christopher Columbus.

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A Romantic Opera.

Saturday,

October 29, 1892.

Christopher Columbus.

A Romantic Opera in Two Acts and an Interlude.

Written and Composed by Members of the San Francisco Verein.

Music by Wm. Hinz.
Libretto by Hugo Waldeck.

San Francisco Verein,

Saturday, October 29, 1892.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Steure, muthiger Segler! Es mag der Witz dich verhöhnen,
Und der Schiffer am Steu'r senken die lässige Hand.
Immer, immer nach West! Dort muss die Küste sich zeigen . . .
—Schiller.

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PRESS OF
H. S. CROCKER COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO

75696

Characters of the Opera.

FERDINAND, King of Spain.

ISABELLA, Queen of Spain.

FERNANDO DE TALAVERA, The Archbishop of Granada.

LUIS DE ST. ANGEL, Treasurer.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ALONZO DE OJEDA, A Captain in the Army.

JUANITA, A Flower-Girl betrothed to Alonzo.

Owing to lack of time portions of the printed dialogue will not be spoken.

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There will be no intermission between the First Act and the Interlude.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBUS.

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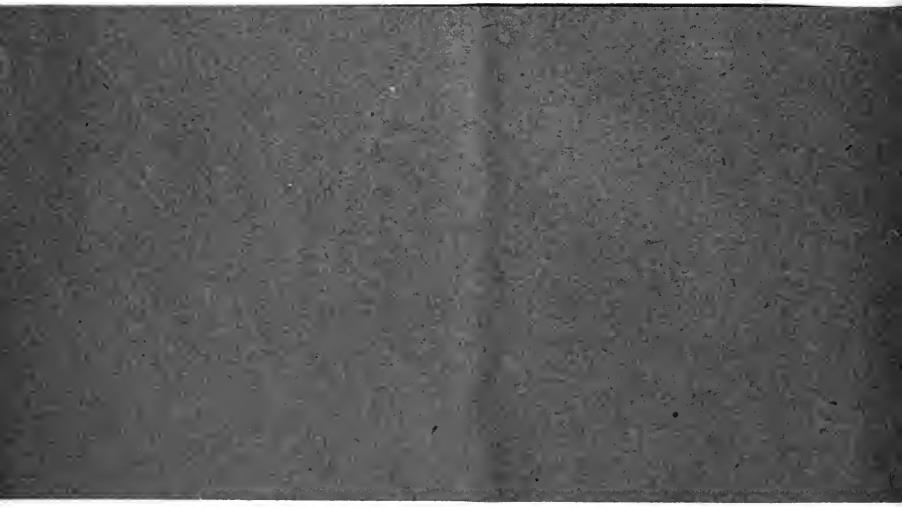
FIRST ACT.—SPAIN.

INTERLUDE.—ON BOARD THE SANTA MARIA.

SECOND ACT.—THE ISLAND OF GUANAHANI.

TIME. 1492.



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MICHAEL, An Irish Soldier in the Spanish Army.

FRIAR BOYLE.

CAONABO, Cacique of Guanahani.

ANAKAONA, His Wife.

GUACA, His Adviser.

BUHITI, An Indian Priest.

HIGUENAMOTA, An Indian Girl.

Court Ladies, Courtiers, Friars, Acolytes, Flower-Girls, Soldiers, Pages, Dancers, Populace, Herald, Messenger.

Indian Warriors and People.

Characters of the Interlude.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBUS.

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FIRST ACT.—SPAIN.

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ACT I.

Santa Fé in the valley of Granada.
An open place in front of a cathedral.

[Enter JUANITA and Flower-Girls.]

Chorus of FLOWER-GIRLS.

When tempests have blown
The flowers bloom brightest;
When danger is flown
Our hearts are lightest.

From thralldom's blight
Our homes are delivered;
And the Moslem's might
Is crushed and shivered.

Where the battle roared
Now peace is resting;
Where the eagle soared
The dove is nesting.

The victor's voice
Is subdued in prayers:
Then let us rejoice
With our enemies' slayers;

And join in their praise
Of the heavenly powers;
And strew the ways
Of our heroes with flowers.

For flowers bloom brightest
When tempests have blown;
And hearts are lightest
When danger is flown.

JUANITA. Maidens, up and let us perch
On the steps of yonder church.

CATALINA. From this elevated station
We command the situation.

LOLA. King and Queen are both in here
Holding early mass.

MERCEDES. Let us wait till they appear.

ROSITA. Aye, and when they pass,
When the people sing and cheer,
In their path we scatter showers
Of sweet flowers.

YNEZ. Look, the soldiers come. Away!
From our task they'll make us stray.

CARMELITA. Nay, I pray, let us stay.

ESTRELLA. Listen to what they will say.

[Enter ALONZO DE OJEDA, MICHAEL, RODRIGO, Soldiers and Populace.]

ALONZO AND SOLDIERS; *Chorus and Solo.*

The bugle is silent, the sword is sheathed,
The soldiers are homeward returning;
The camp is deserted where Freedom breathed,
And Valor for strife was yearning;
For the enemy's hosts are captive and slain,
The intruder is driven from sunny Spain.

Alas, of the fold that set out brave and bold,
The cause of their country embracing:
Where the battle roll'd and the death knell toll'd
Full many their story of gallantry told
By the blood they spill'd and the graves they fill'd,
A hero's death fearlessly facing.

Our ranks are breaking, and comrades part,
For the ties of war peace must sever;
Those friends whom joint dangers endeared to the heart
Perchance will leave us forever;
But whither the soldier may wander and roam,
God grant him the blessings of love and of home.

MICHAEL.

Saint Patrick, give us the comforts of home!
A goodly song, a strong and pious song.
Here's to the comforts of home!
By all the saints, this tastes like home-made comfort,
And comforts me down to my very toes.
Beso su mano, señorita.
How now, have I been talking to my shadow?

[Approaching CATALINA.]

Carissima señorita, le saludo.

CATALINA.

Vaya se, no me moleste.

MICHAEL (*approaching Lola.*)

Alma de mi corazon querida mia.

LOLA. Hagame el favor de dejarme en paz.

MICHAEL.

I am "de drop," as they would say in France;
My name is Dennis in Green Erin's tongue.
Faith! Dennis has the drop on you, me lads,
Albeit he has a drop
That beats the love of twenty Spanish females.

MICHAEL (*Drinking Song*).

When Spanish dames turn up their noses
And dainty hands refuse me roses,
When I am left without companions
Or had to feast on bread and onions,—
I drain my cup in mild despair
And find prodigious solace there.

Then fill me up
A goodly cup,
For I admire
The sparkling fire
That doth recline
In Spanish wine.

The wine of Spain is full of flame,
So is the average Spanish dame;
But she is apt to scathe and scratch us,
Whereas the wine will soothe and patch us;
The dame is unreliable,
The wine is sweet and pliable.

Then fill me up
A goodly cup,
For I admire
The sparkling fire
That doth recline
In Spanish wine.

Chorus. To his drunken railings listen—
Hear him swagger.
See with wine his glances glisten—
Watch him stagger.

For he admires
The sparkling fires
That glow and shine
In Spanish wine.

[ALONZO and JUANITA come forward.] *Duet.*

JUANITA. The Virgin daily I implored
To bring thee safely back from danger;
Her name be praised, thou art restored,
Delivered from the grim avenger.

ALONZO. Of thee, my love, I fondly thought
In silent camp and stirring battle;
At night into my dreams were wrought
Thy smiling face and merry prattle.

JUANITA. Now promise nevermore to fling
Aside the claims of love and beauty.

ALONZO. I am a soldier of the King
And must obey the call of duty.

Sweetheart, banish fear and sorrow,
And conclude a truce with pain;
Care must slumber till to-morrow,

And to-morrow—
Aye, to-morrow?
Sweetheart, we will love again.

Sweetheart, let me kisses borrow,
All thy lips to give will deign
Lend me kisses till to-morrow,
And to-morrow—
Aye, to-morrow?
I will give them back again.
Love requited,
Reunited,
Does not know
What is woe.
Life assumes its warmest hue
For all lovers who are true.

JUANITA. Behold their Majesties draw near.

ALONZO. From holy mass they are returning.

JUANITA. Alonzo, I must leave thee here.

ALONZO. To go with thee my heart is burning.

JUANITA. Nay, loved one, I must say farewell,
This day's sweet duty to pursue,
And flowers in the path to strew
Of Ferdinand and Ysabel.

ALONZO. The Saints attend thee.

JUANITA. The Virgin defend thee.

Flourish of trumpets. [Enter, from the cathedral, FERDINAND and ISABELLA, FERNANDO DE TALAVERA, LUIS DE ST. ANGEL, FRIAR BOYLE, and attendants.]

Chorus of Men.

Mark, he approaches, our country's defender—
Hail to our hero, who, brave to the core,
Wrested Granada, the city of splendor,
From the grasp of the merciless Moor.

Chorus of Women.

Let us unite, loyal homage to render
Unto our Queen whom her subjects adore.
Mother of Mercy, protect and defend her—
Sweet Isabella—forevermore.

Together. Glory immortal and love true and tender,
August couple, for you we implore—
You who were chosen by Heaven to render
Spain to her rightful possessors of yore.

Hail, all hail to the Glory of Spain!

Spanish Dance.

FERDINAND.

We thank you, faithful subjects. Such display
Of loyalty befits this glorious day.
Behold from proud Alhambra's pinnacle
Our banners float—enchanting spectacle!
The stronghold of the Infidel is won;
The standards of Castile and Aragon
Have been once more by victory attended.
Our holy faith, by gallant hosts defended,
Now rules supreme throughout united Spain,
Forever wrested from the Saracen.
The struggles which filled centuries with blood
At last are ended by the grace of God;
And where the Mosque had reared the Crescent's dross,
The Church shall stand, surmounted by the Cross.
Where Havoc reigned and Strife her scorpions flourished,
Art, Industry and Science shall be nourished;
And Progress marshal us, with wings unfurl'd,
To lead alike in war and peace the world.

Chorus. Hail, all hail to the Glory of Spain!

[Exeunt Flower-Girls, Soldiers and Populace.]

ISABELLA. Those who would lead the world, my Liege,
Must understand its ways;
We heeded not in fray and siege
The issues of these days.

Thought is aroused, research set free,
New truths flash on mankind;
Invention and discovery
Transform the human mind.

While we our ancient realm restored
In hard-fought victories,
Our neighbors conquered and explored
New lands and distant seas.

In power great, in spirit bold,
Is Spain to stand aside?
Shall those the rank of vassals hold
Who have been born to guide?

FERDINAND. Deem not that foreign conquest's dearth
Spain's greatness can efface;
Among the nations of the earth
She will assert her place.

But thou whose counsels oft before
In court and camp held sway,
To empire and renown once more,
My Queen, show us the way.

Aria.

ISABELLA. From where the gentle zephyrs blow,
Beyond the Western Sea,
Where silent twilight's roses glow
The promised land must be.

"The Star of Empire takes its way"
Toward the setting sun;
Beneath the lustre of its ray
Our laurels will be won.

FERDINAND. But name the leader who shall guide
Our fleets and armies through the tide!

ISABELLA. Christopher Columbus!
He is the man to wield our sword
And bear the standard of the Lord.

Of pious heart and ardent zeal,
Devoted to his master,
No fitter hand could guide our keel
Past danger and disaster.

Wherever ship has set her sail
There did Columbus travel;
And problems at which others fail
His genius will unravel.
Then let Columbus wield our sword
And bear the standard of the Lord.

FERNANDO DE TALAVERA.

Victorious, most Christian Majesties,
Unto the voice of timely warning hearken,
Ere you proceed in this important cause.
The Junta which his Grace, the King, convened,
Composed of just and wise and pious men,
Rejected the proposals of Columbus;
And I am grieved to see this visionary,
This all but heretic and idle schemer,
This foreign pauper and adventurer,
Still has access unto the councils
Of my illustrious Queen.

LUIS DE ST. ANGEL. Forbear to pass
Such hasty judgment, worthy Talavera.
Columbus, though he be a foreigner,
Is not a heretic or idle schemer.
The Junta—with all rev'rence be it said—
Misunderstood and underestimated
His lofty plans and daring calculations.
He has been villified and sorely wronged;
He has been fed on empty promises
Until, reluctantly and sorrowful,
He turned his back upon this faithless court
And even now is on his way to France.
Among the men who represent this age,

Which, like a wakening giant's limbs unbending,
Breaks through the barriers of our ancient world,
Removes its boundaries beyond the seas
And breathes new life into its tottering wisdom,
He is one of the foremost and the bravest.
Such faith as his, such hope born of conviction,
Will bear him onward to his goal withal;
And Spain will weep that she hath spurned the hand
Which would have laid an empire at her feet
And wreathed her brow with deathless glory.

FERDINAND.

Nay!
Spain shall not weep those tears of vain regret.
The man who calls such partisans his own
Must be of rare and sterling qualities.
Let trusted messengers be sent at once
Into the land to intercept Columbus
And bring him back in honor to our court.

ISABELLA.

I have forestalled thee, Consort of my realm.
Relying on thy wisdom and thy justice,
I sent my couriers when I was informed
Columbus had departed. Hourly
I look for their return with tidings.

[A bugle signal is heard.]

Hark!
This is their signal. May the Virgin grant
Columbus has consented to return.

[Enter Messenger and Populace.]

MESSENGER.

The man Columbus is with us, awaiting
The pleasure of her Highness of Castile.

ISABELLA.

Bid him approach forthwith. He is most welcome.

[Exit Messenger.]

MICHAEL (*in his sleep*).

By'r Lady, I'm uncommon dry;
Fetch me another stoop of rye.

FRIAR BOYLE.

Who dares in presence of the King
Engage in drunken roystering?

CHAMBERLAIN.

My lord, the fellow is asleep;
His draught, perchance, was strong and deep.

[Enter COLUMBUS, Soldiers and Flower-Girls. Columbus kneels before their Majesties.]

ISABELLA and COLUMBUS. *Duet.*

ISABELLA. Arise, Columbus, boldly cast,
Cast off despondency;
The King has recognized at last
Thy worth and constancy.

COLUMBUS. Most gracious Queen, I have returned,
Returned at thy command;
To me—by all reviled and spurned—
Thou stretchest out thy hand;
Thou stretchest forth thy royal arm
To shield me from defeat and harm.

ISABELLA. Go forth and grasp the leader's wand
To guide us to thy promised land.

FERDINAND. Take heart, Columbus, let the past
From thy remembrance flee;
Henceforth, where Spain prevails, thou hast
Distinction and degree.
Set out, High Admiral, and land
Our banners on a foreign strand.

COLUMBUS (*kneeling*).

Once again, in deep submission,
Let me on my bended knee
Thank you for this glorious mission,
For this honor's high degree.

Years of toil and pleasures banished,
Twenty years of scoff and scorn,
Are this moment lightly vanished
Like the haze of early morn.

That which fleeting and dissembling,
Evermore defied my grasp—
Fondly greeting, raptly trembling—
To my heart at last I clasp.

See me prostrate in submission,
Overwhelmed with gratitude
For the glory of this mission,
For this honor's magnitnde.

FERDINAND. In the name of God,
Of Saint Michael and Saint George,
I dub thee Knight.
Be brave, bold and loyal.
Arise, Don Christopher Columbus,
Viceroy and Governor of all
The provinces to be by thee discovered
For the united crowns of Castile
And Aragon.

[COLUMBUS is invested with the insignia of an Admiral.]

Aria.

COLUMBUS. By Him who was sent to perish
For the human race, I swear
Sacredly your trust to cherish,
Gallantly this sword to wear.

I will pilot Spain's proud galleons
Through vast oceans never sailed;
I will lead her brave battalions
Where no Christian yet prevailed.

To the glory of this nation
Empires from the sea shall rise,
Like another Revelation,
Startling, dazzling Europe's eyes.

"Holy Writ's sublime prediction"
Then by Spain shall be unfurl'd,
And our faith's devout conviction
Spread by her throughout the world.

Treasures will be gained as never
Have been known to mortal ken;
And the sun will shine forever,
Never setting, over Spain.

Royal patrons, whose indulgence
Called such exploits into prime,
You will dwell in Fame's effulgence
Glorified throughout all time.

TALAVERA.

Reluctantly I speak, my Rulers both,
And yet I speak because my conscience bids me,
To caution you against this enterprise,
At least against its present undertaking.
Our treasuries are drained; our holy wars
Have sapped our income to its last resources;
And we shall even find it difficult
To raise such funds as urgent need demands.

COLUMBUS (*To St. Angel*).

By all the saints, what do I hear?
Shall my fond hopes again be blighted?

ST. ANGEL. Columbus, pray, be of good cheer,
This difficulty will be righted;
We'll draw our cause out of the lurch, man,
And disconcert this haughty churchman.

(*To their Majesties.*)

About these funds, my Sovereigns liege,
There need be no uneasiness.
Prelates should be content to preach,
Not interfere in business.

TALAVERA. Audacious Courtier, it is vain
Thine insults in my face to flaunt.
In questions sacred and profane
Our Holy Church is paramount.

ST. ANGEL. Particularly where division
Of spoils and treasures is concerned,—
The true cause why this expedition
The clergy's enmity has earned.

ISABELLA. Peace, gentlemen! *I* will supply the means.
If Aragon is not prepared to bear
The outlays of this contemplated voyage,
I undertake it for Castile alone.

Behold this diadem of wondrous splendor,
Envy of Kings and pride of my domain.
Let it go forth unto the money-lender
And by this pledge the needed sums obtain.
The sacred emblem of our royalty
Shall be defiled to prove our loyalty.

ST. ANGEL.

I do protest, my Queen, thou art misguided;
There's no such poverty in Aragon.
The necessary sums shall be provided;
We have sufficient means to draw upon.
But unto thee belongs true greatness' prize
For having proffered such a sacrifice.

Chorus. She is our strength and stay;
Long may her gentle sway
This land pervade.
To make Spain prosperous,
Great and victorious,
Unselfish, generous,
She lends her aid.

TALAVERA (*aside*).

The devil take such enthusiastic fools,
This wily schemer's unsuspecting tools.

COLUMBUS. My Sovereigns, I am prepared
And eager to depart;
If my advice is to be heard,
From Palos let me start.
There I have friends in sailcraft wise,
Will aid us in this enterprise

FERDINAND. So be it, then. To Palos port,
High Admiral, repair;
Munition, vessels and escort
Shall be provided there.
To guide thee safely through the land
We charge Ojeda's trusty band.

ALONZO. My King and Master does me proud
To choose me for this task;
But if a soldier be allow'd
To argue or to ask,
I would prefer my marching orders
Took me beyond my country's borders;
Not from ungrateful disaffection,
Nor vain ambition's misdirection—
Nay—with the Admiral to share
The perils of the main,
And into foreign lands to bear
The glorious arms of Spain.
For me and those of my division
Who fain would join this expedition
I crave your Majesty's permission.

FIRST SOLDIER. I follow where Ojeda leads.

SECOND SOLDIER. And I.

THIRD SOLDIER. And I.

FOURTH SOLDIER. And I.

FIFTH SOLDIER. He shows the way to doughty deeds.

SIXTH SOLDIER. By his side glory's nigh.

MICHAEL. I'm with ye, boys; the salty sea
Will help me overcome my spree.

FERDINAND.
Unwillingly we miss such gallant blades,
Who both in war and peace are wanted;
But, since your ranks such ardent zeal pervades,
The leave of absence shall be granted.

ALONZO. Victoria, comrades, we are going!
With gratitude, O gracious King,
And deep devotion's offering
My heart is overflowing.

FERDINAND. Away, my sturdy braves, God speed,
And Spanish annals fill
With tale of bold and daring deed.

Soldiers. All hail, O King, we will!

COLUMBUS (*Song*).

All hail and welcome, comrades new!
Then buckle on your armor,
And say a long and fond adieu
To sister, wife or charmer.

Set out out with me in confidence
For strange and distant regions,
To struggle with the elements
Instead of Moslem legions.

Across privation and travail
Success and triumph beckon;
And only those will sink and fail
Who hesitate and reckon.

The bugle sounds, the banners wave;
A glorious goal awaits the brave,
Which will outrival and outlast
All great achievements of the past.

Soldiers' Chorus. The bugle sounds, the banners wave;
A glorious goal awaits the brave,
Which will outrival and outlast
All great achievements of the past.

Aria.

JUANITA. Distress profound my spirit wooes,
While all the world is gay—
Oh misery, to win and lose
My love in one short day!

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Woe is me!
Gay and free
Forth he goes;
While I see
But for me
Sorrow's throes.

FINALE.

Quintet.—FERDINAND, ISABELLA, COLUMBUS, ALONZO, JUANITA, and Chorus.

ALONZO. Juanita, we must part,
Sweet my love, farewell.

JUANITA. Cruel word that makes my heart
With affliction swell.

ALONZO. Be content; I must away,
Fame and gold to earn.

JUANITA. To the Virgin I will pray
For thy safe return.

JUANITA. Then farewell
We must tell.
Heaven keep thee
O'er the deep sea
Well and safe,
True and brave.

ALONZO. Then farewell
We must tell.
Heaven keep thee
In His mercy
Well and safe,
True and brave.

COLUMBUS. Sadness overcomes my heart
Now I say farewell,
Now that from the land I start
Where I loved to dwell.
Heart be stanch, thy fears allay,
Doubt and dread unlearn;
Dost thou not the gathering ray
Of my Star discern?
Aye, farewell
I will tell.
Heaven guide us
And abide us
Well and safe,
True and brave.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

Lord, Thy blessings now impart
From Thy mercy's well
To this project which our heart
Yearns to see excel.
And these heroes who to-day
With ambition burn,
Watch and lead upon their way
To a safe return.

Now, farewell
We must tell.
Lord, provide them,
Gently guide them
Well and safe,
True and brave.

Full Chorus. Lord, with approving eyes
Look on this enterprise.
Lead them to fame.
Peril and failure keep
From those who sail the deep,
Honor for Spain to reap
In Thy hallowed name.

Now, farewell
Let us tell.
Lord, provide them,
Gently guide them
Well and safe,
True and brave.

Curtain.]

INTERLUDE.

The early morning of October 12, 1492.

COLUMBUS asleep in his cabin on board his flagship, the *Santa Maria*.
COLUMBIA appears in an aureole.

COLUMBIA.

What light is this that rends the veil asunder,
The ling'ring shadows of oblivion's gloom?
What forms are these that from the ocean yonder
Mysteriously upon my vision loom?
My soul is thrilled by feelings warmer, fonder,
Than have ere now consoled me in my doom—
The air is ringing as though God had spoken,
New life is springing, and the spell is broken.

My spirit, by a quick'ning pulse pervaded,
Discerns a presence, calm, serene, sublime,
A cherished image that my dreams invaded
As I lay slumb'ring in the lap of Time,
A hand extended by whose guidance aided
I am ordained to sunlit heights to climb—
The mists dissolve, the light grows brighter, stronger;
My champion lives, he is a myth no longer.

I recognize thee who art come to woo me,
Dauntless defender of my sacred cause;
An outcast's curse no longer shall pursue me,
Nor mankind, trembling, on my threshold pause;
For ere the day night's curtain, drear and gloomy,
With rosy fingers from my realm withdraws,
The joyful tidings will ring out to heaven:
Columbus to the world a world hath given!

As goddesses of old to earth descended
  The destiny of mortal men to share,
So shall my fame, with thine forever blended,
  The radiant trace of thine achievement wear.
I welcome thee, with longing arms extended,
  In proud expectancy thy name to bear—
Columbus, chosen one among the mortals,
Columbia greets thee at her empire's portals.

Bestir thyself, for lo! the day is breaking
  That is to be by unborn millions blest,
Who, ignominious servitude forsaking,
  Shall find the home of freedom in the West.
The vapors rise, the earth from sleep is waking,
  The sunlight floods the snow-capped mountain crest—
Fulfillment, glory, empire are at hand—
Awake, arise, for thou hast conquered.

[A sailor's voice from without.]

Land!

[COLUMBUS awakes, rises and sinks on his knees in silent prayer.]

[Curtain.]

ACT II.

The island of Guanahani, or San Salvador, on October 12, 1492.

[Enter JUANITA in Indian dress, ANAKAONA and Indian girls.]

Duet and Chorus.

ANAKAONA. Give me back my shell of paint.

JUANITA. Nay, I'll not return it.

FIRST INDIAN GIRL.
Give it her or she will faint.

JUANITA. I regret to learn it,
But I'll not return it.

ANAKAONA. Maid, my husband comes to-day;
How, dost thou suppose,
Can I without paint array
Forehead, eyes and nose?

JUANITA. Do not use the crimson shell,
Follow my advice,
For thou lookst surpassing well
With unpainted eyes.

Chorus.
Listen to her impudence!
Her advice indeed!
With the men thine eloquence
May perchance succeed.

ANAKAONA.

Here comes a learned and pious priest,
And wisest of all judges;
He is the ladies' friend at least
And takes no bribes nor pledges.

[Enter BUHITI.]

BUHITI. Good morning, ladies, I'm elate
And greet you with—emotion;
You are quite early, or I'm late
Returned from my—devotion.

ANAKAONA. Buhiti, foremost of thy race,
Decide in this important case!

BUHITI. A case so early in the morning?
Without a summons, brief or warning?

ANAKAONA. Alas, there is no time to waste,
Or else I would not make such haste.
This foreign maid of aspect quaint
Has robbed me of my shell,
Containing bright and precious paint,
And hid it but too well.
Although I threaten, I implore,
The wench will not my paint restore.

BUHITI. The case is difficult and fangled,
But soon I'll have it disentangled.
Now, prisoner before the bar,
Is what she said the truth so far?

JUANITA. Aye, aye, my lord, it is quite true.

BUHITI. Then, why dost thou this course pursue?

JUANITA. Because I could not see it done,
The way she put that crimson on.
If to enhance her charms she seeks
She only ought to paint her cheeks;
For in the land where I was born
The ladies thus their face adorn.

BUHITI. The case is clear—I understand,—
But this is not thy native land;
The evidence suggests to me
That we are in Guanāhani,
And in Gūanahāni you
Must do as Guanahānians do.
This, therefore, is my sentence:
To teach thee due repentance
And make thee with our customs well acquainted,
Thy nose and eyes and forehead shall be painted.
That this decision be well executed
The plaintiff and these ladies are deputed.

JUANITA *and Chorus.*

Chorus. Hail, Buhiti, just and wise!

FIRST INDIAN GIRL.
I will undertake her eyes.

JUANITA. Thy derision I despise!

Chorus. Never better judge arose!

SECOND INDIAN GIRL.
This bold stroke is for her nose.

JUANITA. Shame thine eyes and lips should close!

Chorus. He observes his sacred vow!

THIRD INDIAN GIRL.
This shall grace her noble brow.

JUANITA. Nay, enough! Unhand me now!

Chorus. Evermore his praise we'll sing!

FOURTH INDIAN GIRL.
I must try another ring.

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JUANITA. Hush, begone, thou hateful thing!

Chorus. Maiden, now thou art prepared,
But, we pray, do not get scared,
Nor with dismal horror shiver
Shouldst thou pass a placid river,
Or behold thy fair reflection
In a shining metal section.

JUANITA. Heavens, I must be a sight,
Barbarous ungainly fright!
To their base malignity
I owe this indignity.
Horrors, if my lover
Should me thus discover!

[An Indian drum signal.]

BUHITI. Children of this fair domain,
Dwellers in this smiling plain,
From your quarrels now abstain,
For your Chief approaches.
From the mountain heights descending
Where wild peaks the clouds are rending
Hitherward his step is bending
Lordly Caonabo,
In our worship to partake
And Cassava's sacred cake
Solemnly with us to break—
Pious Caonabo.
See, amid his warriors' lances,
Mighty chieftain, he advances;
Welcome him with song and dances—
Warlike Caonabo.

[Enter CAONABO and Indian warriors.]

Chorus. Keeper of the Golden Hoard,
Caonabo, Caonabo,
Guanahāni's dauntless lord,
Terror of the Carib horde:
Welcome Caonabo!
We are thine with limb and breath,
Faithful subjects unto death.

CAONABO (*Song.*)

From the crags of barren mountains,
From the rivers' crystal fountains,
Where the soil with gold is teeming,
Where the eagle's brood is screaming,
We return in festal train
To the valley's fertile plain,
Where eternal spring is smiling,
Playfully our days beguiling,
To perform our ancient rite
In joint worship to unite,
And Cassava's sacred cake
Solemnly with you to break.

Chorus, Warriors.

We return in festal train
To the valley's fertile plain
To perform our ancient rite
In joint worship to unite,
And Cassava's sacred cake
Solemnly with you to break.

Indians.

They return in festal train
To the valley's fertile plain
To perform our ancient rite
In joint worship to unite,
And Cassava's sacred cake
Solemnly with us to break.

All hail, Caonabo!

INDIAN DANCE.

CAONABO *(observing Juanita, to* BUHITI*).*

Who is this maid of modest mien
And wondrous eyes of lambent sheen?
By my ancestors' bones, I ween
Such beauty I have never seen!

BUHITI. She is a stranger; whence she came—
Her native land—she will not name.
We found her cast upon the shore
Insensible and bruised and sore,
In foreign garb, and still the trace
Of tossing seas on form and face.
A sweet and grateful maid she proved,
By all the men revered and loved;
Although the women, I regret,
Have not contrived to like her yet.
She quickly learned our speech and ways
But to our Zemes never prays.

ANAKAONA *(aside).*

Perdition! Does the hoyden dare
My husband's senses to ensnare?

CAONABO *(to Juanita).*

Mysterious maiden, fair to see,
Thou hast my heart enraptured.
Pray, to my wigwam follow me—
The sweetest prize yet captured.

JUANITA. Redoubted chieftain, not so fast:
My lot is here to tarry,
And while my youth and beauty last
I do not wish to marry.

ANAKAONA. My Lord, beware, it is not safe
To meddle with this foreign waif.

CAONABO. Anakaona, be so kind
Thine own affairs alone to mind.
(To Juanita.) Consider lest it be too late
And tresses tinged with rime.

JUANITA. My true-love will avert such fate
And rescue me in time.

ANAKAONA. Now, Caonabo, 'pon my life!
Thou wilt not take another wife?

CAONABO. I am the Cacique and can take
As many as I please.

ANAKAONA. Then be content thy choice to make
At least from among these.

[Pointing to her companions.]

CAONABO. And why?

ANAKAONA. Because the outcast there
Does not deserve thy name to bear.

Trio: JUANITA, CAONABO and ANAKAONA.

JUANITA.

Now, by thy leave, most virtuous dame,
From very decent folks I came;
And though I've not the least ambition
To share thine enviable position,
I beg of you to understand
That I hail from a glorious land,

ANAKAONA.

Oh, spare me thy civility!
No doubt from the nobility.
How modest, to be sure!
It would not be secure.
Quite plainly, I declare!
They should have kept thee there.

CAONABO.

Forbear
To tear
Each other's hair.
Be wise
And spare
Each other's eyes!

JUANITA. And sailed the deep with heroes brave,
Whom thou perchance wilt see,
For they have weathered wind and wave
To make discovery.

True my love, on land or sea,
Hasten to deliver me;
Still this longing, heal the aching
Of my heart, asleep and waking!
True my love, where'er thou be,
God protect and comfort thee!

CAONABO. Who may this bold lover be
This sweet maid prefers to me?
I for whose love hearts are breaking,
At whose challenge men are quaking—
If the wight I ever see
Terrible his fate shall be.

ANAKAONA. Thus she dares to talk to me,
Foremost in Guanāhani!
Though with rage my nerves are shaking
Caonabo is not making
Any effort that she be
Yielding and polite to me!

FIRST INDIAN *(pointing to the sea)*.
Cacique, hasten and behold
What the morning did unfold!

SECOND INDIAN. Guanahāni's peaceful bight
Was invaded in the night
By huge monsters of the deep
Risen while we were asleep.

GUACA. Nay, not monsters of the ocean,—
These are dwellings full of motion,
Roofs with human beings swarming,
Some descending, others arming,
Strangely clad in various manners,
Wearing shields and carrying banners.
Now they enter their canoes,
From stout ropes they cast them loose;
Now with stroke of sweeping oar
They make straightway for our shore!

CAONABO (*Song.*) Then in proud array of battle
These invaders we will face:
Sound the war-cry, roll the rattle,
Speed the arrow, swing the mace!
Guanahāni's verdant plain
Blood of foreign foe shall stain!

GUACA (*Song*). Warlike chieftain, quench thine ardor,
Quell thy spirit, fierce and bold:
To defeat this host is harder
Than to rout the Caribs' fold.
To our forest let us hie
And upon these strangers spy,
Watch their movements from afar,
If they purport peace or war.

CAONABO (*Song*). Though my spirit is afire,
Calmer counsel shall decide.
Warriors, to the wood retire
And my coming there abide.

Chorus.

To the forest let us fly
And upon these strangers spy,
Watch their movements from afar,
If they purport peace or war.
Zemes, Zemes, speak for us,
Life and freedom seek for us
At the unseen Gate
Of the Spirit Great
Who, almighty and alone,
Rules from His eternal throne.

[Exeunt BUHITI, GUACA and chorus.]

[A bugle blast is heard.]

Trio.

JUANITA. Hark, the bugle's martial blast
Lustily the air is rending;
True my love is come at last
And my days of doubt are ending.

CAONABO. To the horn's defiant blast
Her responsive ear is bending;
Now it will be clear at last
To whose kiss her lips are tending.

ANAKAONA. By the way she lists aghast
These sounds she is comprehending;
'Tis her lover come at last
And my husband's fun is ending.

[Exeunt.]

INTERMEZZO.

[Enter ALONZO and JUANITA.]

ALONZO. Among men, an interloper,
On the ocean thou hast sailed!

JUANITA. I admit, it was improper,
But my love at last prevailed,

ALONZO. Juanita!

JUANITA. Dear Alonzo!

ALONZO. Why then on the sister ship,
Not on mine, didst service offer?

JUANITA. Why? Because my sistership
Thus would no disturbance suffer.

ALONZO. How didst find me as a brother?

JUANITA. Cold,—a brother to the letter;
Speaking candidly: the other
Character becomes thee better.

Duet.

ALONZO. Therefore let me as the lover
Take thee to my heart once more,
And those lips with kisses cover
Which I should have had before.

JUANITA. Sweetheart, is thy passion's fire
In this clime for me the same?
Am I still thy heart's desire
As thou didst at home proclaim?

ALONZO. Does the sun lack light and fire?
Can Life pulse and breath disclaim?
I must love thee and admire
Ev'rywhere, my savage dame.

Both. Love requited
Reunited,
Soon forgets
Its regrets.
Life assumes its warmest hue
For all lovers who are true.

[Exeunt.]

[Enter MICHAEL.]

MICHAEL. What ho, Alonzo! He is gone,
Leaves me in foreign land alone.

[BUHITI and Indians are seen peeping out from the right.]

I thought I saw—nay, I was dreaming—
A face through yonder foliage gleaming.—
The moment that our boat was tied
A savage maid Alonzo spied,
And straightway disappeared the twain—
Just as he did at home in Spain.

[Indians are again seen.]

I'm sure a pair of eyes was blinking
In yonder bush. Had I been drinking
Old Harry might my sight distort,
But in our ships the wine ran short.

[Indians as before.]

I wish the Admiral had sent
Some other one upon this scent;
There's something in the atmosphere
That makes me feel exceeding queer.

[Indians as before.]

Saint Patrick, help! Unearthly faces
Pop in and out from hundred places.
I think I'll cut this matter short
And to Columbus make report.

[Enter BUHITI.]

It is too late;
I must await
This "brick"-à-brac complexion
Which comes in my direction.

My salutation, crimson friend.

BUHITI. Hanal ek chi cab.

MICHAEL. I'm sure I do not comprehend.
'Tis clear, this tongue I must forego.
Como le va, amigo mio?

BUHITI. Uoc pol hōōl.

MICHAEL. Perchance the Gallic tongue will do:
Monsieur, comment vous portez-vous?

BUHITI. Mehen, hanal chechitch oc lakpal.

MICHAEL. Not French? Then I'll attempt a line
Of what they speak across the Rhine:
Mein Lieber, lass das Saufen sein.

BUHITI. Cab chi noh eĸ quetzal.

MICHAEL. Now, this is most embarrassing;
Perhaps he'll understand me sing:
(*Sings.*) La donna e mobile
Qual piuma al vento—

BUHITI. Chāāk u ha kin chāāc u ha (*runs away.*)

MICHAEL. He disappears! My heart, rejoice!—
Still people say I have no voice.

[BUHITI returns with Indian warriors.]

By Heaven, he returns and brings
A howling mob of savage things!

[MICHAEL is surrounded.]

INDIANS. Ek chi hanal!

MICHAEL. Now, gentlemen, remember, pray,

INDIANS. Cab noh lakpal!

MICHAEL. That you are many, I am one;

INDIANS. Kin chāāc pol!

MICHAEL. And if you treat me in this way

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INDIANS. Ha u hōōl!

MICHAEL. I'll have to stop your fun.

INDIANS. Uoc mehen chechitch!

MICHAEL. By the Virgin! I'm forlorn
If I do not blow my horn.

[Enter ALONZO and JUANITA.]

ALONZO (*drawing his sword*).
Michael is prompt, I must allow:
He has already found a row.

MICHAEL. Alonzo, spare not arm nor breath!
These heathens tickle me to death.

ALONZO. Courage, man, thy cutlass wield,
In a trice we'll have the field.

JUANITA. I will run the Chief to call,
Else misfortune will befall.

[Exit.]

FIRST INDIAN (*attacking Michael*).
Turey hoc quetzal!

MICHAEL. No you don't, my pal.

SECOND INDIAN. Kin pol hanac!

MICHAEL. We'll clean out the pack!

[Enter JUANITA, CAONABO, ANAKAONA and train.]

CAONABO. Ho, warriors, peace!
Let the combat cease!
These interlopers *I* will teach
What duty to my state is due!

JUANITA. Attempt not, Cacique, I beseech,
This futile combat to renew!

These strangers are my countrymen,
Come hither from afar
In search of conquest and of gain—
Dread heroes reared in war.

Your weapons are of no avail
Against their swords and lances,
And from their dress of shining mail
The arrow, harmless, glances.

They serve a King in power great,
But greater is our God
Who made the world and rules men's fate
All ways on land and flood.

Our King obey, our God invoke
In piety profound,
That not oppression's dreaded yoke
Will bow you to the ground.

Aria.

ANAKAONA 'Tis the truth the maid has spoken;
Hearken, ere you strike a blow,
Ere the peace again be broken,
To my tale of long ago.

Through the flight of untold ages
There exists a prophecy,
Uttered by forgotten sages,
That this isle would conquered be

By a race of bearded strangers,
Fair of skin and tall of form,
Skilled in warfare, fond of dangers,
And relentless as the storm.

They have come—the old prediction
Thus a truth proves in the end;

[Enter COLUMBUS, FRIAR BOYLE and retinue.]

They have come—does it affliction,
Does it happiness portend?

[COLUMBUS and train come forward.]

COLUMBUS. San Salvador this island shall be named,
(*Song.*) Upon whose shores our doubts and terrors ended;
Here let us kneel, here be our thanks proclaimed
To Him whose aid our enterprise attended.

Prayer.

Heavenly Father,
In might unbounded,
By light surrounded
Of serene beatitude,
Graciously gather
Sacrifice of gratitude
From the lips of those
Whom to safe repose
Thou hast led
Through the bed
Of the ocean's
Vast commotions,
Over reefs and through the squall,
Past the lurking dangers all
Which in unknown waters hide—
Our Protector and our Guide,
Hallowed be Thy glorious name,
Sung Thine everlasting fame.

Song, ALONZO *and chorus.*

Gloria, gloria in excelsis,
Hallowed be Thy name, O God,
Who hast led us, in Thy mercy,
Safely through the boundless flood;
Hallowed be Thy glorious name,
Sung Thine everlasting fame,
Gloria, gloria in excelsis!

Aided by thy guiding hand,
We have gained this foreign strand,
Where Thine Revelation's light
Shall dispel the pagan night;
Gloria, gloria in excelsis!

God, our Father, shield us further,
Keep from us defeat and murder;
But if in Thy cause we fall
Save us from perdition's pall.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis!

COLUMBUS. Brave Hidalgos, solemnly
Let us mourn in prone devotion
A companion's memory
Whom we lost upon the ocean.

Gentle Juan, our heart's delight,
Who fell headlong from the mast,
And was swept past aid and sight
By the current fierce and fast.

ALONZO. Stay, there is no need of mourning:
Look upon this savage dame
Who, the aid of vessel scorning,
Lately to this island came.

MICHAEL. Juan! Now, by the Holy Virgin!
Didst thou beat us, forward urchin?

COLUMBUS. Heaven's wonder! Thou wert saved?

JUANITA. Saved and cast upon this shore,
And the savages behaved
As unto a friend of yore.

COLUMBUS. God was with thee, boy! But stay—
Why is female garb around thee?

JUANITA (*embarrassed*).
Truly, I can hardly say—
Thus they dressed me when they found me.

COLUMBUS. Juan a woman, and restored to us!
Lord, Thy ways are wise and marvelous.

MICHAEL. Eh! Juan a woman? Help, my strength is failing!

A Soldier (*supporting him*).
Art starved because there is no wine about?

Michael. Alas, that with a woman I've been sailing
For many moons and never found it out.

Columbus. The beauty of these Indian isles,
Which Marco Polo's pen extols,
At last upon our vision smiles
And with enchantment fills our souls.

Behold the race whom Heaven chose
To dwell in this delightful clime.

Friar Boyle. A curse upon these savage foes,
These grovelers in pagan slime!

Juanita. Devoted friar, curb thy zeal
And do not grow excited—
These savages are true as steel,
Although they are benighted.

Columbus (*to Friar Boyle*).
Those who proclaim God's word and deed
Should not on curses found their creed.
Where bitterness and ruth have failed
Persuasive kindness oft prevailed.

(*To Higuenamota.*)
I greet thee gently, Indian maid,
The first one in this foreign land—
Nay, do not shrink, be not afraid,
And let me kiss thy slender hand.

[He places strings of glass beads and bells around her neck.]

Upon thy comely form I place
These toys the savage mind holds dear;
Go forth and tell thy timid race
To cast away distrust and fear.

Chorus. Let us see the things he gave thee,
Precious gifts from Heaven come!
Stranger, may the Spirit save thee
Long upon our earth to roam!

CAONABO (*to Guaca*).

My soul is torn by doubts and fears
Upon which course to seize—
Resistance, strife, defeat and tears,
Or slavery and peace?

GUACA.

O Caonabo, ere perdition
Engulf thy subjects and thy state,
Obey the lesson of tradition
And bow to the decree of fate.
Listen to thy people's voice,
Let submission be thy choice.

CAONABO (*kneeling before Columbus*).

Be it then! Gūamiquina,
Chieftain of victorious heroes,
Guanahāni's people offer
Peace and friendship and submission.

I, their Chieftain Caonabo,
Place the sacred Belt of Wampum
In the hands of Guamiquina
As a token of our faith.

[He surrenders the Wampum Belt to COLUMBUS.]

COLUMBUS.

Rise in peace, Chief Caonabo,
In the name of those who sent me
I accept the vows of friendship
Of thyself and of thy tribe.

Reign in peace and give the white man
But thy countenance and shelter,
And while *I* have voice and power
Gladness shall pervade this isle.

[COLUMBUS seizing the standard of Castile.]

COLUMBUS.

By the grace of God,
In the name of their Most Catholic Majesties
I take possession of this land,
And proclaim the sway of Spain's dominion
Throughout its extent.
Spaniards, to me, Viceroy and Representative
Of Ferdinand and Isabella,
Swear allegiance!

FRIAR BOYLE. By the Holy Host,
In the name of the Father,
The Son and the Ghost,
Around me gather
And swear.

Chorus of SPANIARDS. We swear!

INDIANS *(imitating)*. We swear!

FRIAR BOYLE. To uphold and obey
And acknowledge the sway
Of Columbus, our leader,
Who is placed in command
By the gracious hand
Of our rulers of Spain.
And may the seceder
Endure the pain
To rebels shown
Against the crown.

Chorus of SPANIARDS. We swear!

INDIANS (*imitating*). We swear!

Aria.

HIGUENAMOTA. Hail, all hail, Gūamiquina,
Chieftain of victorious heroes!
From the azure fields of Heaven,
From the realm of the Great Spirit
Thou hast come to bring us blessings,
To bring joy upon this earth.
Follow us into our wigwams,
Shield us from distress and illness,
Save us from discord and hatred;
Plant the radiant joys of Heaven
In our hearts and on our hearths.
Guamiquina, Guamiquina,
Chieftain of victorious heroes!

FINALE.

Chorus of SPANIARDS.

Through pagan darkness breaks sacred light,
The light of Sublime Revelation,
Subdued is the Evil Spirit of Night
And a people saved from damnation.
Broadcast shall the seed of our faith be sown
To the glory of God and the Spanish Crown.

The land that we sought amid perils untold,
The dream of the age, is discovered,
The curtain of mystery is unroll'd
And a World from oblivion recovered.
The voice of Fame will our merits extol
Who through trials and dangers have reached
this goal.

But foremost of all, renown is due
To our leader of noble ambition,
Who braved fierce seas and a fiercer crew
Till he gazed on his realized vision.
Columbus, all hail! Undying glory
Will cling to thy name in song and story!

Chorus of INDIANS.

Like harbingers of celestial light,
Like bearers of Heaven's salvation,
They have come to us in the silent night,
These men of a powerful nation.
Our brows are bent in worship prone
To these conquerors from a distant zone.

The word is fulfilled of the sage of old—
The tradition that over us hovered;
By a race of strangers, fair and bold,
Our quiet isle is discovered.
The voice of Fame will their merits extol
Who through trials and dangers have reached this goal.

But foremost of all, renown is due
To their Chieftain of noble condition,
Who cheered our wavering hearts anew
In the hour of fear and suspicion.
Columbus, all hail! Undying glory
Will cling to thy name in song and story!

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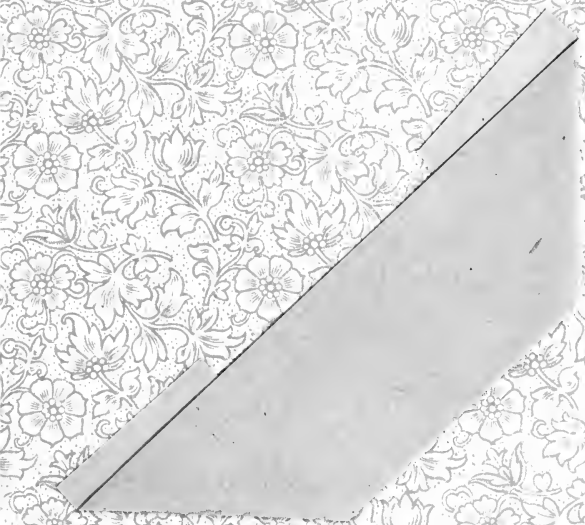
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